

was found, *Gouldia conversi* from Costa Rica, in which the eyelid feathers are metallic green. Of our North American Trochilidæ, *Eugenes fulgens*, *Archilochus colubris*, *Calypte costæ*, *Basilinna xantusi* and *Cyanthus latirostris*, have black eye lashes, while in *Calypte anna*, *Selasphorus platycercus*, *S. rufus*, and *S. alleni*, *Stellula calliope*, *Amizilis tzacatl* and *A. cerviniventris chalconota*, they are brownish gray. The fact that the color of the eyelid feathers is alike in the male and female, may prove valuable in identifying certain species when other points fail; and the characters may be of value in the case of other small birds such as warblers, vireos, titmice, flycatchers, wrens, etc.—HENRY K. COALE, *Highland Park, Ill.*

The Great-tailed Grackle in New Mexico.— This note constitutes the first record of the occurrence of the Great-tailed Grackle (*Megaquiscalus major macrourus*) within New Mexico, as far as I can determine by examination of previous records.

One adult male specimen was brought in by Miss Fannie Ford of Las Cruces, New Mexico, on May 15, 1913. It was shot at her home, having been mistaken for a crow while flying about the corral. The measurements for this specimen come very near the minimum for this species. A pair of these birds is reported nesting at La Mesa, N. M., ten miles south of this place. The nest is placed in a large apricot tree in a dooryard. The birds are not at all shy but characteristically noisy! Their nesting is to be unmolested and it will be interesting to note if this is the beginning of a permanent residence or annual summer visitations to this place, or if it is merely a sporadic occurrence. It would seem that the conspicuousness of the species would have made record of it an easy matter had it occurred in this region to any extent previously.— D. E. MERRILL, *State College, N. M.*

The Night Song of Nuttall's Sparrow.— W. R. Lord, in his 'Birds of Oregon and Washington,' says of Nuttall's Sparrow, that, "Often, through the darkest nights, in the Virginia creeper or honeysuckle around the porch or piazza, he utters his plaintive song — seeming to say, as one sensitive observer has imagined it: 'Sweet, Sweet, listen to me, won't you.'"

I first noticed this peculiar habit on the night of April 16 when one sang at 10:15 P. M. The following night he sang at 11 P. M. during a hard rain. From this date I made nightly observations on this particular bird; the song continuing regularly until May 3, when it suddenly ceased, and on May 19 the nest containing four eggs was found in a rose bush tied to the side of the house. The following day all the eggs hatched. On the 28th something disturbed the young, causing them to leave the nest.

During this period the night song was not heard although the male continued to sing throughout the day; and not until June 2 was the night singing resumed. Then followed a period of song though not as regular as before, continuing to June 15th. Later I discovered that a second brood had been raised though not until too late for note taking.

The male appeared to roost in or near a raspberry patch not far from the nest, and except on rare occasions the song was heard from very nearly the same location.

The song itself was subject to considerable variation; in one phase the day song was closely followed, the change, if any, being a simple repetition of the closing notes. In the second phase, the final notes were greatly elaborated, suggesting a canary's most beautiful tones, only infinitely richer and finer. This phase was heard on two occasions and on neither of those nights did I hear the first.

The weather evidently has little influence upon the song, the chief factor connected with it seeming to be the stage of the reproductive cycle at a given time.—A. J. STOVER, *Corvallis, Oregon*.

Rose-breasted Grosbeak Breeding at Wheeling, West Virginia.—I wish to record the nesting and successful raising of a brood of young of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak (*Zamelodia ludoviciana*) in a small English hawthorn tree in our front yard during May, 1912. This year (1913) during the month of June a pair of this same species nested in a cherry tree in the front yard of my brother-in-law on the opposite side of the Park View Lane. This bird has become a frequent visitor in the spring and early summer and its shrill familiar voice is often heard along the small streams as well as along Wheeling Creek near Elm Grove, W. Va.—ROBERT B. McLAIN, *Wheeling, W. Va.*

The Orange-crowned Warbler at Englewood, N. J.—On May 18, Messrs. Nicholas F. Lensen, S. V. LaDow and I spent the whole day in the field around Englewood, N. J. Birds of all kinds were more abundant than any of us had ever previously observed. While exploring an apple orchard near Bergenfield, N. J., Mr. LaDow suddenly arrested our attention by exclaiming:—“Here's something that looks like a Tennessee!” The bird, however, promptly disappeared. A few minutes later I heard an unfamiliar song, and following it up, I was pleased to see an Orange-crowned Warbler (*Vermivora celata celata*) in full song, just above my head on a dead twig of one of the apple trees. The first thing I noticed was the greenish underparts with faint dusky streaks on the breast, very distinct from the bright yellow of the Nashville and the pure white of the Tennessee Warbler. The next thing I noticed was that there was no white superciliary stripe, and the color of the underparts scarcely differed from that of the upperparts. The song was very distinct and characteristic—*chíp, chíp, chíp-chíppee, chíppee-chíppee*—the last notes about twice as fast as the first three. The bird was under observation in bright sunlight for ten minutes, and the whole party were equipped with powerful binoculars.—LUDLOW GRISCOM, *New York City*.

The Louisiana Water-Thrush (*Seiurus motacilla*) in Sudbury, Massachusetts.—On May 21, 1913, in the afternoon of a day spent in